



ONE

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

# *The* DURANGO KID

No. 15

10¢



**"THE MONSTER THEY COULD NOT KILL!"**



# HOW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



HEY, GANG, THERE'S JIMMY WITH THE NEW BIKE HE'D BEEN SAVING FOR!

WONDER HOW HE SAVED THE MONEY?

LET'S GO ASK HIM!



IT WAS EASY TO SAVE MONEY WITH MY NEW TELEVISION BANK!



WHEN RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS VISITED, THEY ALL PUT COINS IN THE TELEVISION BANK TO SEE IT LIGHT UP!



IN JUST NO TIME, I SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THIS NIFTY BIKE!



HEY KIDS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO SEND IN OUR COUPONS FOR A TELEVISION BANK!



**LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY!**  
WITH THIS

**TELEVISION BANK**

**LIGHTS UP!**  
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY \$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU! Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying your wealth of savings.

**GIRLS! DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!** Nothing is so truly luxurious for your doll house. This beautiful new Television bank matches all styles of furniture. It makes an elegant addition to your doll's living room!

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 11BA, 2 Allen St., New York 2, N.Y.**

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK!** SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

**SEAGEE CO.,**

**Dept. 11BA**

**2 Allen Street,**

**New York 2, N.Y.**

Name  (Please Print Plainly)

Street

City  Zone  State

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

## BIGGEST ATTRACTION EVER!

Everyone will want to see this amazing new Television Bank. Your friends, relatives and neighbors can't resist putting in coins to see this sensational show!

**LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN!** Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling life with the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

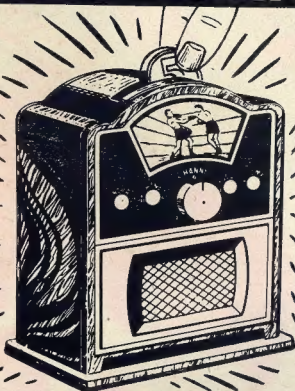
**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** After you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show". Light goes out automatically as new picture appears. To light new picture, bank another coin. **SIX** exciting pictures—a fight, a hilarious cartoon, a tense rodeo scene, a swell figure skater, a dramatic dance team and a circus clown with his trick dog!

## PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!

Your savings pile up **PLENTY FAST** with this marvelous new Television Bank! Everyone wants to see all six pictures—your savings grow and grow by leaps and bounds!

## IT'S A MONEY IN EVERY DETAIL!

This sensational Television Bank is an exact miniature of the most expensive console models. Rich-looking mahogany finish with four simulated dials and speaker grille. 4 1/2" x 4" and ruggedly constructed. Will give you years of fun and big savings!





DEAD OR ALIVE? HUMAN OR BEAST? WHAT MANNER OF TERRIBLE THING IS **THE BAKALA?** BEFORE YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS, READ THIS STORY... FIGHT WITH **THE DURANGO KID** AS HE BATTLES HIS MOST DREADED ENEMY, RIDE WITH DURANGO AGAINST

## "THE CURSE of the BAKALA!"

ROUNDUP TIME!... MULEY PIKE IS IN CHARGE OF SOME GREEN COWHANDS...

ALL RIGHT, TENDER-FOOTS—WE'LL LAY IN FER THUH NIGHT ALONG THE CLIFF.

HEY, LOOKIT THE EXCAVATION THAR! MAYBE IT'S A LOST MINE!



WHY, YUH DUMB TENDERFOOT! THEY AINT NO LOST MINE! THEY'S THUH HAUNT O' THUH BAKALA!

BAKALA?

WHUT BAKALA?

WHUT'S THE?



AIN'T NOBODY KNOWS JEST WHUT THUH BAKALA IS! MIGHT BE A ZOMBIE, MEBBE A GHOST, MEBBE SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER WITH THUH STRENGTH O' TWENTY MEN! ANYWAY **THEY'S WHAR IT LIVES!**



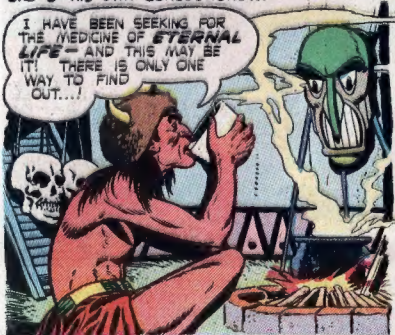


# THE DURANGO KID



"...UNTIL ONE DAY HE TOOK A CHANCE AN' SWALLERED ONE O' HIS OWN CONCOCTIONS..."

"WAL, SOON'S HE DRUNK THET MEDICINE, TURRIBLE THINGS STARTED TUH HAPPEN TUH HIM..."





# THE DURANGO KID

"WAL, AT LAST ALL THUH INJUNS O' ALL THUH TRIBES GOT TOGETHER AN'

QUICKLY, PUSH THE MONSTER INTO THAT CAVE! FIGHT, MY BRAVES, FIGHT! YOU'D DIE THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE!



NOW SEAL IT UP—FOREVER! WE CLOSE IT UPON OUR OWN BRAVE WARRIORS—BUT THEY MUST BE SACRIFICED! QUICK!



AT LAST—HE IS BURIED FOREVER! MAY HE NEVER GET OUT! PERHAPS HE WILL DIE OF SUFFOCATION...

NO, HE WILL NOT DIE! HE WILL NEVER DIE! BUT AT LEAST, IN THAT CAVE HE IS HARMLESS. WE WILL CALL HIM **BAKALA—MONSTER OF THE LIVING DEAD!**



YUP, THUH INJUNS SEALED THUH BAKALA UP IN THET THAR CAVE—TOGETHER WITH THUH HUNDRED WARRIORS IT TOOK TO GET HIM IN THAR. MUST'VE ET THEM WARRIORS, I GUESS. WAL—JEST ABOUT **ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER...**



"...SEEMS AS THO' AN OLD MINE PROSPECTOR STUMBLED ACROSS THIS SPOT, AN' SPOTTED THUH SEALED UP CAVE..."

I'LL BE WHUPPED FER A MULE EF THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE A LOST GOLD MINE! SOMEBODY DONE SEALED IT UP TOO!

LUCKY I CAME ALONG FIRST...!

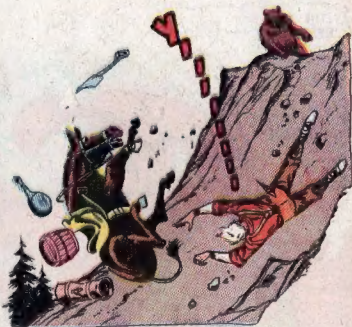


A CHARGE O' DYNAMITE WILL TAKE KEER O' THESE HYAR BOULDERS! THEN WE KIN SEE WHUT'S IN THET CAVE. **HYAR GOES...!**

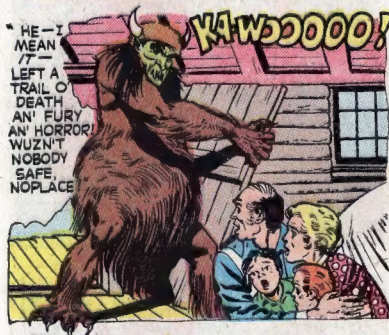
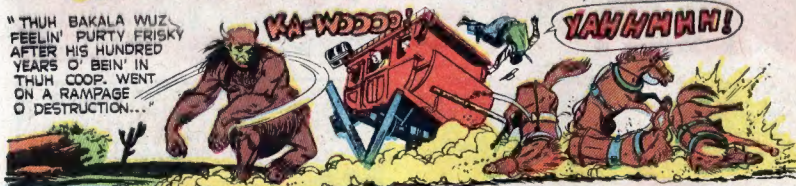




# THE DURANGO KID

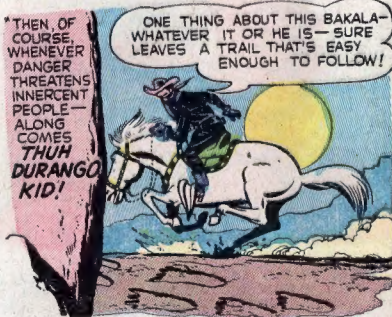


"THUH BAKALA WUZ  
FEELIN' PURTY FRISKY  
AFTER HIS HUNDRED  
YEARS O' BEIN' IN  
THUH COOP. WENT  
ON A RAMPAGE  
O' DESTRUCTION..."



"THEN, OF  
COURSE,  
WHENEVER  
DANGER  
THREATENS  
INNOCENT  
PEOPLE—  
ALONG  
COMES  
**THUH  
DURANGO  
KID!**

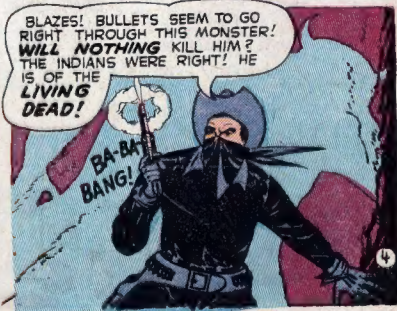
ONE THING ABOUT THIS BAKALA—  
WHATEVER IT OR HE IS—SURE  
LEAVES A TRAIL THAT'S EASY  
ENOUGH TO FOLLOW!



AT LAST—  
GOOD HEAVEN—  
HOW HORRIBLE!  
I HAD NO IDEA...!



BLAZES! BULLETS SEEM TO GO  
RIGHT THROUGH THIS MONSTER!  
**WILL NOTHING KILL HIM?**  
THE INDIANS WERE RIGHT! HE  
IS OF THE  
**LIVING  
DEAD!**



# THE DURANGO KID



"YER THUH DURANGO KID WUZ CAUGHT! THUH BAKALA GRABBED HIM AND LIFTED HIM HIGH..."



"AN THREW 'HIM DOWN..."





# THE DURANGO KID



MY ARM... I'M WEAK... CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH... IS THIS REALLY THE END?

THAT CAVE! IT'S THE CAVE OF THE BAKALA! BLASTED OPEN BY DYNAMITE — **AND THERE'S THE DYNAMITE!** BY THUNDER— WHAT DYNAMITE CAN DO, IT CAN **UNDO!** I'VE GOT TO GET THE MONSTER BACK IN THERE...

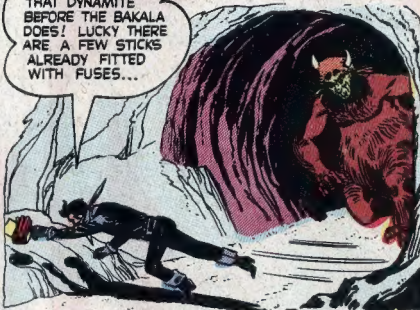


THIS IS HARD, WITH A BROKEN ARM... THERE HE GOES! NOW...



NOW! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

GOT TO MAKE THAT DYNAMITE BEFORE THE BAKALA DOES! LUCKY THERE ARE A FEW STICKS ALREADY FITTED WITH FUSES...



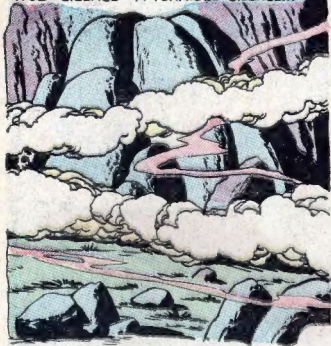
NO TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY... GUESS THIS MEANS THAT I GO UNDER TOO... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE... GOODBYE, WORLD!





# THE DURANGO KID

"WHEN THUH DUST SETTLED, THAR WUZ SILENCE—A TURRIBLE SILENCE..."



"BUT THEN—ON TOP O' A PILE O' LOOSE EARTH..."



"IT WUZ *THUH DURANGO KID!*"

COVERED ONLY BY SOFT SAND—I'LL NEVER BE THAT LUCKY AGAIN! BUT THE CAVE—IT'S SEALED BY BOULDERS—THIS TIME FOREVER, I HOPE!



YAK-YAK-YAK! HAW! HAW! HAW! WHUT A WHOPPER! YUH SHORE DON'T EXPECT US TUH BELIEVE *THET* STORY, DO YUH?

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, TENDERFEET! YUH AST ME, AN' I TOLE .. YUH!



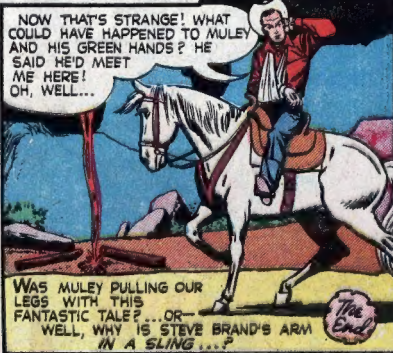
YA-WOOOOOOOO

YA-WOOOOOOOO

LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



NOW THAT'S STRANGE! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO MULEY AND HIS GREEN HANDS? HE SAID HE'D MEET ME HERE! OH, WELL...

WAS MULEY PULLING OUR LEGS WITH THIS FANTASTIC TALE?...OR— WELL, WHY IS STEVE BRAND'S ARM IN A SLING...?

The End

# The DURANGO KID

THIS IS THE STORY OF AN OWLHOOT WHO TWICE CROSSED PATHS WITH THE DURANGO KID. THE FIRST TIME WAS THE WAY OF JUSTICE — AND THAT IS WHY THE SECOND WAS PLANNED AS **MURDER** AS A BITTER MAN RODE

## "THE VENGEANCE TRAIL!"



OUT OF THE HILLS A LONELY FIGURE RIDES INTO RED HOOK...



"WAL, DAG SHANTER-YUH'RE HOME! GOLLY, IT SHORE LOOKS GOOD AFTER THREE YEARS IN JAIL — THREE O' THUH BEST YEARS O' MUH LIFE!"

"I GOT DURANGO TUH THANK FER THEM THREE YEARS! EF IT WARN'T FER HIM, I'D BE SETTIN' PURTY ON THUH MONEY FROM THET STAGE HOLDUP HE KIBOSHED..."

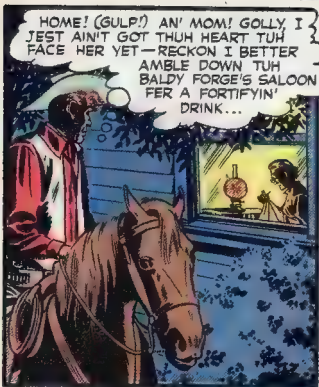


"GO STRAIGHT!" SAYS DURANGO. DURNED EF I DO! I'M MAKIN' UP FER THEM YEARS O' EASY LIVIN' I MISSED — AN' I'M GOIN' TO TAKE THUH VENGEANCE TRAIL ON DURANGO!"

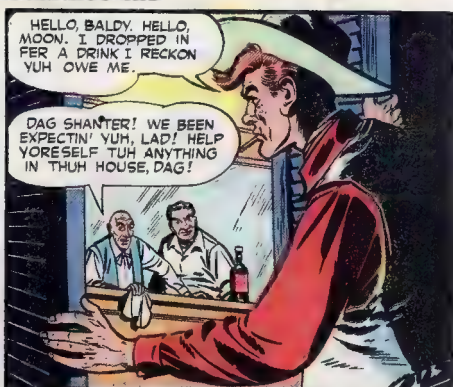




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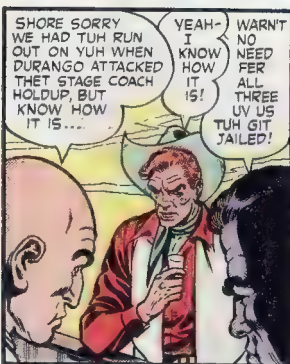


HOME! (GULP!) AN' MOM! GOLLY, I JEST AIN'T GOT THUH HEART TUH FACE HER YET—RECKON I BETTER AMBLE DOWN TUH BALDY FORGE'S SALOON FER A FORTIFYIN' DRINK...



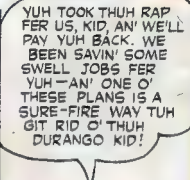
HELLO, BALDY. HELLO, MOON. I DROPPED IN FER A DRINK I RECKON YUH OWE ME.

DAG SHANTER! WE BEEN EXPECTIN' YUH, LAD! HELP YORESELF TUH ANYTHING IN THUH HOUSE, DAG!



SHORE SORRY WE HAD TUH RUN OUT ON YUH WHEN DURANGO ATTACKED THET STAGE COACH HOLDUP, BUT KNOW HOW IT IS...

YEAH—I KNOW HOW IT IS! WARNT' NO NEED FER ALL THREE UV US TUH GIT JAILED!

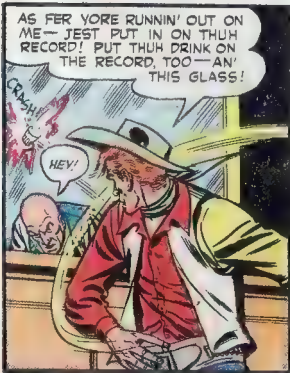


YUH TOOK THUH RAP FER US, KID, AN' WE'LL PAY YUH BACK. WE BEEN SAVIN' SOME SWELL JOBS FER YUH—AN' ONE O' THESE PLANS IS A SURE-FIRE WAY TUH GIT RID O' THUH DURANGO KID!



SAVE YORE PLANS FER YERSELF, MISTER—I AIN'T BUYIN'! I LEARNED A LOT IN JAIL, AN' ONE THING I LEARNED WAS TO PLAY LONE-WOLF!

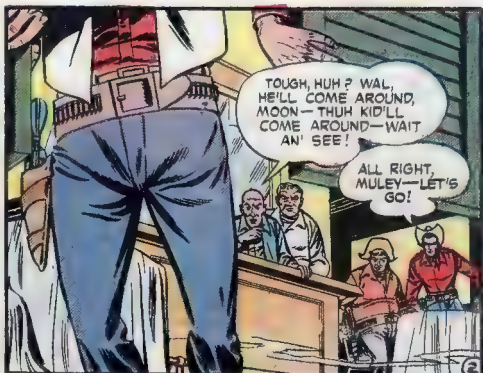
I AIN'T LININ' UP WITH NOBODY, SEE?



AS FER YORE RUNNIN' OUT ON ME—JEST PUT IN ON THUH RECORD! PUT THUH DRINK ON THE RECORD, TOO—AN' THIS GLASS!

CRASH!

HEY!

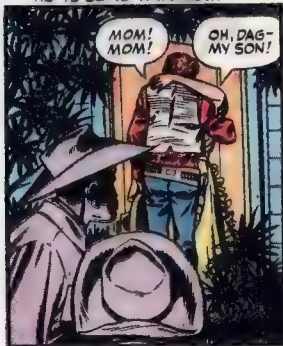


TOUGH, HUH? WAL, HE'LL COME AROUND, MOON—THUH KID'LL COME AROUND—WAIT AN' SEE!

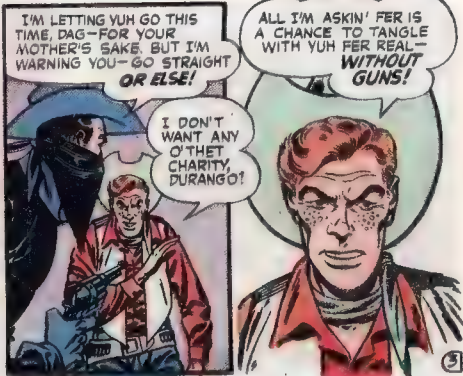
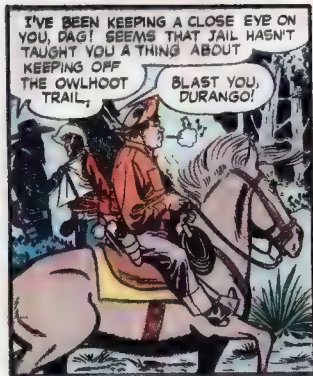
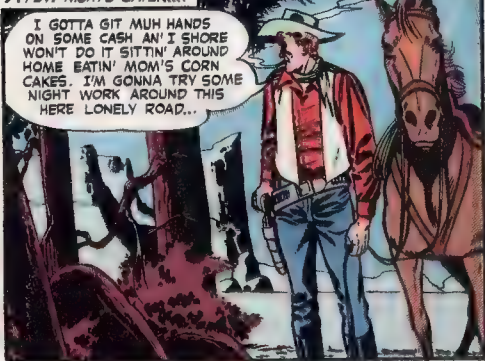
ALL RIGHT, MULEY—LET'S GO!

# THE DURANGO KID

DAG SHANTER DOES NOT KNOW  
HE IS BEING WATCHED...

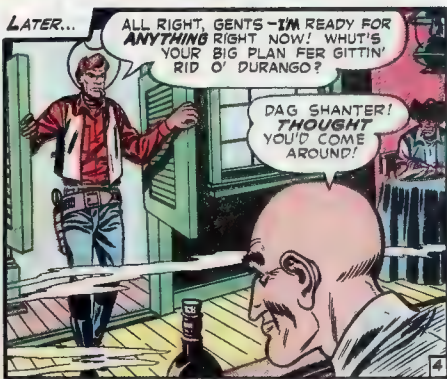
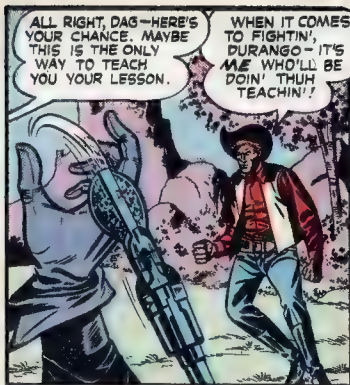


A FEW NIGHTS LATER...





# THE DURANGO KID

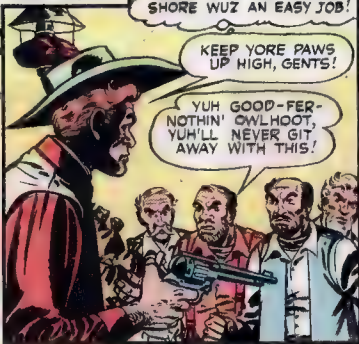


# THE DURANGO KID

THUH WAY I FIGGER,  
DURANGO'S TAILIN' DAG  
PURTY CLOSE. THEH  
MAKES DAG OUR **DECOY**  
TUH GIT THUH HOMBRE.  
NOW LISSEN CLOSE—  
THAR'S A SHACKFUL O'  
GOLD-MINERS DOWN  
CLEARWATER HOLLOW...



**NEXT NIGHT...**



BALDY WAS RIGHT—THIS  
SHORE WUZ AN EASY JOB!

KEEP YORE PAWS  
UP HIGH, GENTS!

YUH GOOD-FER-  
NOTHIN' OWLHOOT,  
YUH'LL NEVER GIT  
AWAY WITH THIS!

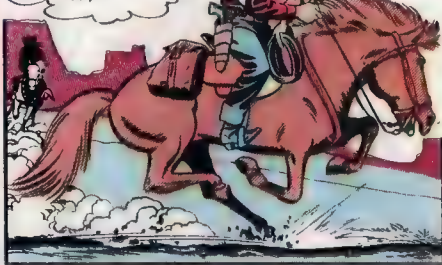
WRONG, GENTS, THIS  
IS ONE JOB—I **AM**  
GITTIN' AWAY WITH!  
HAVE A TASTE OF  
LEAD—JEST FER  
THUH FUN OF IT!



FIRED THOSE SHOTS OVER THEIR  
HEADS—EF ANYTHING OUGHT TO  
ATTRACT THUH DURANGO KID,  
THEH SHOTS SHORE WILL!



IT DID! THAR HE  
IS, COMIN' ALL GIT-  
OUT FER ME! THAT'S  
GREAT—JEST THUH  
WAY BALDY PLANNED  
IT!



BROTHER, THEH BRONC O'HIS  
IS FAST! IT'S GONNA BE A  
TOSSUP WHO REACHES MUH  
HOUSE FIRST!... **GIDDAP!**  
YUH NAG—**GIDDAP!** JEST  
AROUND THEH BEND, AN'...



DAG! WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
BEEN  
UP TO?

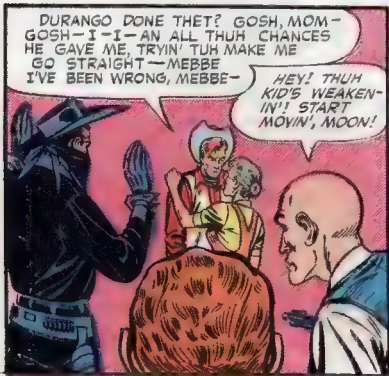
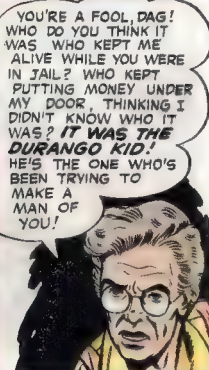
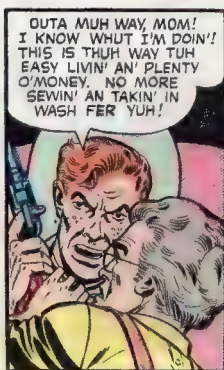
ALL  
RIGHT,  
DURANGO-  
YUH GOT  
ME! SO  
WHAT?

YOU'RE A  
FOOL, DAG  
SHAN-  
TER A YOUNG  
STUPID  
FOOL!





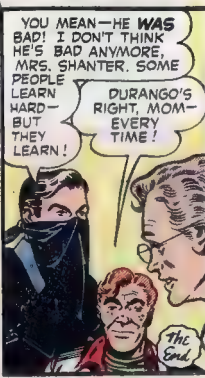
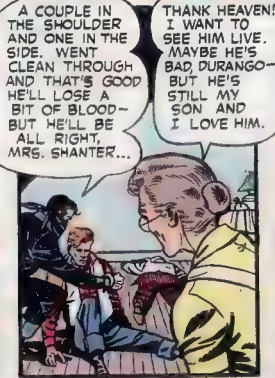
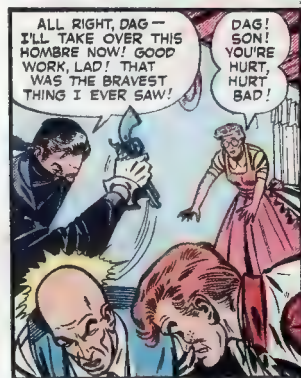
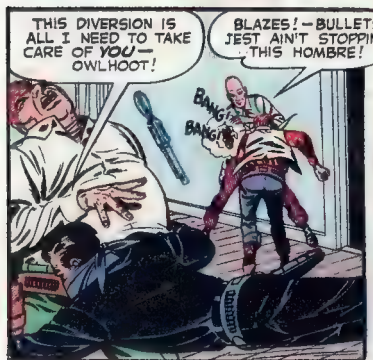
# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

THE VALIANT OLD LADY MAKES A DESPERATE BID TO SAVE THE LIFE OF DURANGO AND HER SON...

...AND SOMETHING INSIDE DAG BREAKS FREE...







# HEY KIDS!

## make your own INDIAN OUTFIT



### AUTHENTIC INDIAN BEADWORK —

Wear beautiful and unusual belts, bracelets, chains, and other Indian designs and decorations. **KIT INCLUDES:** 1 bead loom, 8 vials eacho colored beads, 10 bead needles, bead thread for warping and beading, illustrations and designs.

**PRICE \$2.20**



### INDIAN MOCCASIN KIT —

Complete materials as follows:

Authentic Indian moccasin pattern and work-sheet, sufficient leather to construct pair up to size 10, real Indian beads, thread and beeswax. For Boys and Girls. **PRICE ONLY \$2.85**



### LARGE INDIAN HEADRESS —

**KIT INCLUDES:** 1

set 30 imitation eagle tail feathers, 10" to 15" long, 1 set 30 bare plumes, 1 set 30 tip plumes, 1 set 30 leather strips, 1 set 30 felt strips, 1 cloth crown, 1 lace, 1 tube special glue, 1 bunch black horse hair, 1 imitation headstrip for front, 3 yards linen thread, illustrations and descriptions, 2 strips white fur.

**PRICE \$3.45**



**INDIAN WAR SHIRT** — Consists of the following materials: 2 1/2 x 3 yards light buckskin color double napped suede cloth, 1 strip colored cloth binding for collar, 2 strips for shoulder, 2 strips for sleeve, 1 strip for bib. 1 set of instructions, design and pattern, and working descriptions. **PRICE \$5.75**



**INDIAN LEGGING & BREECLOUT SET** — Consists of the following: 2 1/2 x 1 yards light buckskin color double napped suede cloth for leggings, 1 x 6 feet material for breechcloth, 11 yards binding for both, 2 strips for leggings, complete set of full size patterns, illustrations, designs and complete working descriptions.

**COMBINATION PRICE \$5.75**



### AUTHENTIC INDIAN VEST KIT CONTAINS:

1 1/4 yards buckskin color double napped suede cloth, 5 yards binding, 4 vials of Indian seed beads, needle and thread, 1 set of instructions, designs and pattern.

**PRICE \$3.25**

### SIoux STYLE NECKLACE SET —

**KIT INCLUDES:** 18 (2 inch) bone hair pipes, sufficient imitation leather lace, 100 round necklace beads, 1 imitation bear claw for pendant. Illustrated instructions, and complete working descriptions.

**PRICE \$2.00**



### INDIAN PEACE PIPE SET

**INCLUDES:** 1 completed pipe bowl, 1 unfinished pipe stem, 6 imitation eagle feathers, 1 set Indian decorations, illustrated instructions.

**PRICE COMPLETE \$4.00**



### INDIAN GIRL'S DRESS

Consists of following materials to make small or large dress: 3 yards buckskin color (double napped) suede cloth, 2 pieces white cloth

18" x 24", 1 yard binding, 1 piece suede cloth 12" x 36", 1 piece suede cloth 12" x 18", 198 beads for decoration. 1 set of instructions, full size pattern and working descriptions.

**PRICE COMPLETE \$6.50**

### FOR THE FIRST TIME OFFERED

True to tradition, real Indian brave kits. Boys and girls, be the first in your neighborhood to wear and own a beautiful hand made Indian outfit.

**SAVE MONEY**... order 4 kits (except Indian girls dress) and **SAVE \$2.00**. Separately pay \$29.35. All 4 kits only \$27.35.

**PLUME TRADING**, headquarters for Indian-crafts since 1927, is the only organization that offers these kits at such amazing low prices.

You must be satisfied, or  
money will be refunded!

**PLUME TRADING COMPANY, DEPT. 102**  
155 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me the following Indian Kits:

☐ CHECK ☐ C.O.D. ☐ MONEY ORDER

Indian Beadwork Kit.....	\$2.20
Indian Moccasin Kit.....	2.85
Large Indian Headdress Kit.....	3.45
Indian War Shirt Kit.....	5.75
Indian Legging & Breechcloth.....	5.75
Indian Vest Kit.....	3.25
Sioux Style Necklace Kit.....	2.00
Indian Peace Pipe Kit.....	4.00
Indian Girl's Dress Set.....	6.50
Combination Outfit (4 kits) except girl's outfit.....	25.00

We Pay Postage On Cash Orders.  
Small added charge on C.O.D. orders.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

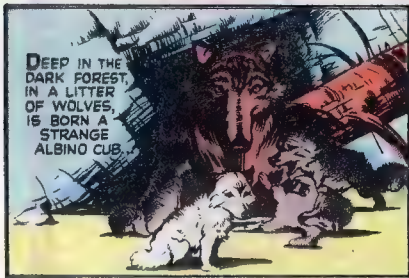
# Dan Brand and Tipi

MAN AND ANIMAL  
LIVED THE LAW OF  
THE WILD ALONG THE  
APPALACHIAN TRAIL...  
IT WAS "KILL OR BE  
KILLED" IN THE FOREST  
PRIMEVAL! BUT **DAN  
BRAND** AND **TIPi**  
CHANGED SOME OF  
THAT WHEN THEY  
CROSSED THE TRAIL  
OF

## "THE WHITE WOLF"



DEEP IN THE  
DARK FOREST,  
IN A LITTER  
OF WOLVES,  
IS BORN A  
STRANGE  
ALBINO CUB.



UNTIL AT LAST, HE BECAME AN  
OUTCAST FROM THE PACK...



BECAUSE OF HIS STRANGE COLOR AND HIS  
UNUSUAL SIZE, HE WAS MARKED FROM THE  
BEGINNING. CONSTANTLY, HE HAD TO DEFEND  
HIMSELF FROM THE OTHERS IN THE PACK.



... A LONE WHITE WOLF BATTLING  
A HOSTILE WORLD...

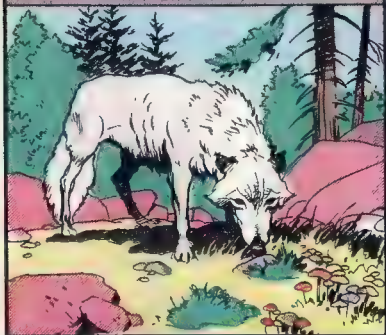


A-A-R-ROOOOOOOOO!

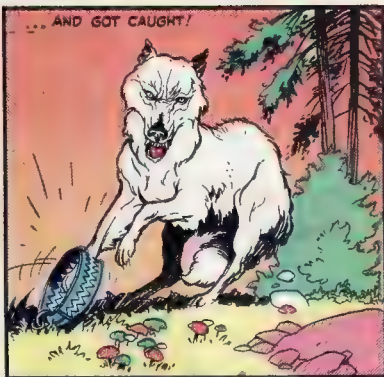


# THE DURANGO KID

UNTIL THE DAY HE SNIFFED AT SOME MEAT BAIT...



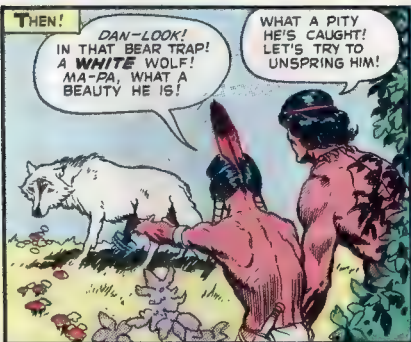
... AND GOT CAUGHT!



THEN!

DAN-LOOK!  
IN THAT BEAR TRAP!  
A **WHITE** WOLF!  
MA-PA, WHAT A  
BEAUTY HE IS!

WHAT A PITY  
HE'S CAUGHT!  
LET'S TRY TO  
UNSPRING HIM!



GOT HIM!  
GO AHEAD,  
TIP!

GOT IT! EASY THERE,  
BOY—IT WASN'T US  
WHO DID THIS  
TO YOU...



LOOK! HE'S  
STOPPED STRUGGLING  
—AND HE'S NOT  
RUNNING AWAY!  
HE UNDERSTANDS  
THAT WE HELPED  
HIM!

I GUESS  
THIS IS THE  
FIRST TIME  
IN HIS LIFE  
ANYBODY  
TREATED HIM  
KINDLY—LET'S  
DRESS HIS  
LEG...

I'D GUESS  
THIS ONE  
IS AN  
OUTCAST,  
PROBABLY.

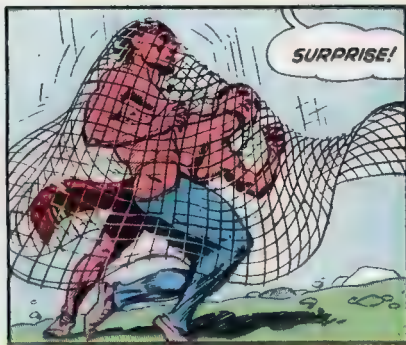
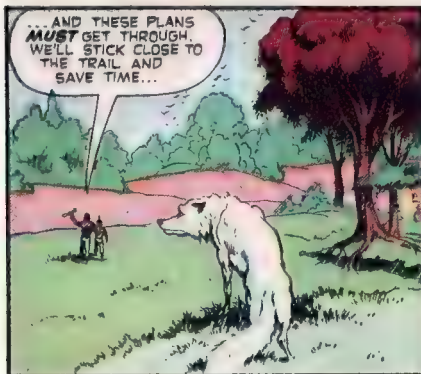
HE'S LICKING MY  
HAND! LET'S CALL  
HIM BA-LU—THAT'S  
INDIAN FOR THE  
LONE ONE! LET'S  
KEEP HIM FOR  
A PET...!



'NO TIME FOR THAT, TIP.  
WE'RE LATE ALREADY. WE'RE  
CARRYING SECRET PLANS  
FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON  
TO GREENE...

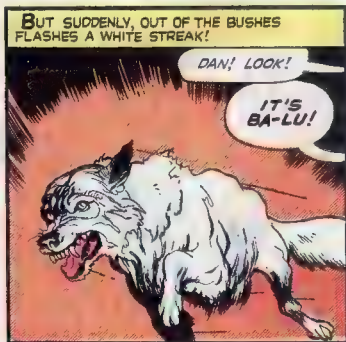
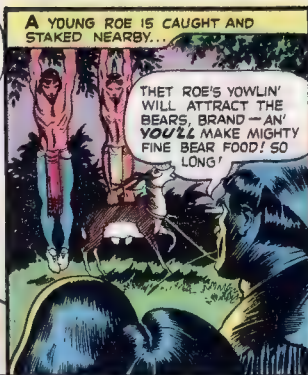
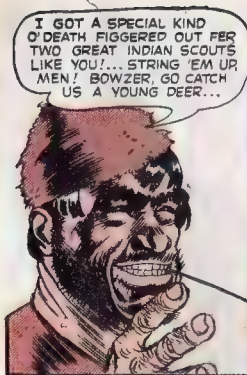


# THE DURANGO KID

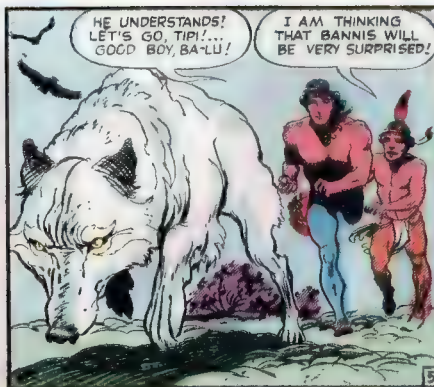
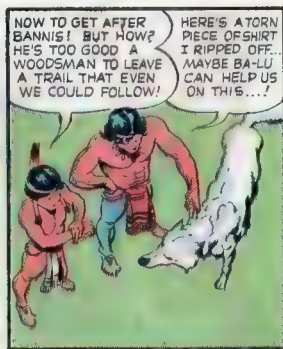
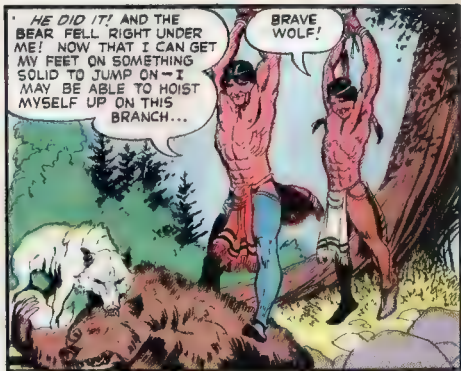




# THE DURANGO KID



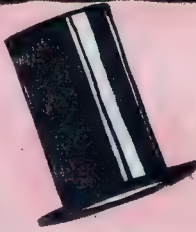
# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE STOVEPIPE HAT BANDIT

The stage rattled and jounced as it took the last turn before the straightway that ran ahead for seven miles to the Saddle Gap relay station. Jim Parker at the ribbons shouted and slashed the air with his blacksnake whip. It spat the air above the ears of the nigh lead horse, making him and his fellow nigh horse throw their weight into the traces. Jim Parker had only one more stop to make — and if luck held he could get the gold through without being robbed by that terror of the stagelines, the Stovepipe Hat Bandit!

Jim Parker threw his words back over a shoulder to Perce Teed, his guard. "Stovepipe Hat Bandit's held up three stages already this month! Got a haul plum close to a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Whew! Seems fer money like that, the company'd send on a federal marshal!"

Jim Parker spat over the edge of the front boot. "Marshal can't catch a man who wears a disguise like that! Who in thunder'd be found dead wearin' a high hat?"

The guard admitted profanely that it was quite a problem. Upon reflection, he admitted he never knew a man who wore a high hat. "'Ceptin' 'Honest Abe' Lincoln," he amended. "And he was the President of the United States!"

The stage rolled in with a clatter of wheels pounding along on dry hubs. A boy with a bucket of grease ran out and began to stick globs of it on the smoking wheels. Jim Parker flipped the reins and leaped down.

The relay agent looked worried. "Didn't meet him, huh?"

Jim Parker shook his head as he watched his passengers move toward the adobe relay station for sandwiches and hot coffee. He kept his voice low so as not to alarm the two ladies travelling on to Hays City.

"I ain't even seen a sign of him, an' that's got me worried! Boys who've been held up by him say he can be seen, once in a while, some hours before he calls his shot. Sort of watches from up on the Rim."

The agent growled, "Blasted fools ought to have stopped the stage and called for a law man!"

"Stopped the stage? Because they saw a rider up on the rimrock? No sirree! No sheriff's goin' to act because a skittish stage driver gets the willies! But just the same, not seein' him has me more worried! Only time he wasn't seen

before he robbed the stage, he was roarin' drunk. He shot the driver that time!"

Jim Parker ran a finger under his loose shirt collar. The sweat came out on his forehead, and he mopped at it with a dusty bandana.

The agent said, "You got guts, Jim."

Jim Parker tried not to look pleased. He shifted his weight and stared around the relay station, and he said, "Shucks! Just doin' my job! Nice place, Ed. You keep her lookin' right fine."

"Thanks to you, this time. Come on in and java up. I baked a mess of crullers this mornin'. They'll sit good on your belly, goin' over the Pass."

They bantered each other as they entered the cool relay station building, raising their voices to soothe the passengers. But worry sat in the furrows of their foreheads, and in the corners of their eyes. The gold in the rear boot weighed more heavily on their shoulders than it did on the thoroughbreds.

"Good crullers," said Parker, munching happily. "Haven't had such good ones since Minnie Pearsall died, over around Hangknot, last June."

The relay agent nodded. "I heard about her funeral. Near everybody was there."

They talked about funerals for a while, and then it was time for the coach to move on. Fresh horses had been backed into the traces, and the harness oiled.

Jim Parker snaked his whip out over the horses' ears and they lunged forward. The coach was off in a roll of dust and tiny pebbles.

As he reined the broncs around the sharp stones of Turncoat Caynon, Jim Parker saw the Stovepipe Hat Bandit. He was clad in black alpaca, with the tall black stovepipe hat thrusting up almost grotesquely from his white-masked face. He held a sawed-off shotgun in his hands, and the twin barrels looked big as cannons to the stage-coach driver.

"Rein them in, man — rein them in!" cried the bandit.

Parker braced his feet and his right hand yanked at the handbrake. The wheels locked and slid in the shale and stone of the canyon floor. The horses tried to slide, and their hoofs struck sparks from the flinty talus rock.



"Swing down here," said the bandit, jabbing the shotgun at Jim Parker. "Show me where the gold is. Haul it out, and put it off to one side the trail."

His face white, Parker followed orders. He lifted out the green, ironbound Wells-Fargo boxes, and piled them one on top the other. The stovepipe hat outlaw was near him, watching his every move, with the passengers lined up and disarmed some distance away.

Jim Parker wrinkled his nose. The faint breeze had carried an odor to his nostrils, some smell that he had known before, but could not place. He realized it came from the stovepipe hat bandit, but it was not the acrid smell of a sweating man, or the soapy smell of a man who washed overmuch. This was different.

His forehead was still furrowed in fierce thought as he climbed up to his driver's seat. If he could only remember where he'd whiffed that smell before! Tarnation, he just couldn't think . . .

"You! Hey, there, driver!" snapped the bandit. "Passengers all inside. Get moving, man!"

Jim Parker shook the ribbons and snapped his whip, automatically. The broncs lunged into the traces and the stage was once again rattling and bumping on toward Silver City.

The guard found Jim Parker strangely uncommunicative on the ride. He assumed the driver was scared, so he shrugged to himself and looked off at the mesas turning a bright crimson in the rays of the setting sun.

Jim Parker was still silent as he guided his team into the home station at Silver City. He jumped from the seat and went about his checking-in duties mechanically. He filled out his report of the stovepipe hat bandit, and paused, refusing to put down any mention of that smell. "What could I write?" he asked the pencil stub he was using. "That it smelled familiar, but I couldn't place it?"

Sheriff Crawford Paige, came into the office to talk to him. Jim Parker almost told him about the smell, but shook his head stubbornly. Not until he remembered where he'd smelled that smell before!

The sheriff was apathetic. He seemed to

realize it was next to useless to catch this shotgun bandit who seemed to melt into the rocks from which he appeared to make his fabulous hauls of gold and greenbacks.

"If you think of anything else, Jim," he called over his shoulder as he headed for the door, "I'll be in my office."

"You bet, Sheriff. But right now, I'm doggone hungry and tired. I'm stoking up my middle at Bessie's restaurant, then hitting the hay. See you tomorrow, maybe." He was still hopeful that a good night's sleep might bring back the memory of that smell.

Bessie Land ran a restaurant beside the Silver City Bank. She was a tiny woman with a fund of inexhaustible energy. She took just pride in her pies and cakes.

As Jim Parker entered, Bessie waved at him. "Come on over, Jim. I got a surprise for you."

Jim grinned and sat on the leather-topped stool. "Yeah? I got one surprise today. I sure hope this is a lot better!"

Bessie's face sobered. "I heard about that, Jim. Sorry! I just hope you catch him! Now, here's my surprise!"

She lifted out a platter of crusty, yellow-brown crullers, crisp and warm from the oven. She giggled, "I heard you boys ravin' about poor Minnie Pearsall's crullers, and I thought —"

"YAAAA-HAAAAA-OOCIEEEE!"

Everybody in the restaurant but Jim Parker froze at that unearthly screech. And Jim Parker was still voicing it at the top of his lungs as he bolted from the doorway!

He found the sheriff in his home and dragged him down the street. Together, they entered a building, where a man turned from an open safe, white-faced, ingots of gold stolen from the Silver City stage, at his feet.

Jim Parker hopped up and down in his excitement. "Knew I'd smelled that smell afore, Sheriff! Seein' them crullers and hearin' about Minnie Pearsall made me remember her funeral! That was where I smelled it — formaldehyde! It's used by the one man in town who can wear a stovepipe hat without nobody noticin' it — the undertaker!"

## THE END

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) OF**  
**Charles Starrett AS THE DURANGO KID,** published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, **MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES,** 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Editor, **RAYMOND C. KRANK,** 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Managing Editor, **NONE.**

Business Manager, **SALLY R. HENDERSON,** 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)  
**Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.**

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as

trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statement in the two paragraphs show the amount, in full knowledge and belief as to the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

**SALLY R. HENDERSON,**  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1951.

**THEODORE MARVIN,**

Notary Public, State of New York  
No. 63-774780. Qualified in Bronx Co.  
Certificates filed with Bronx & New York  
County Clerks & Reg.  
Commission Expires March 30, 1952.

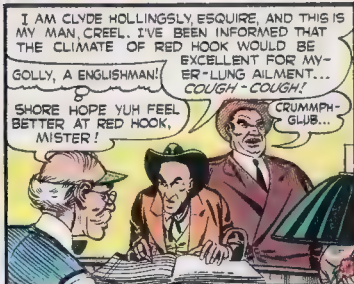
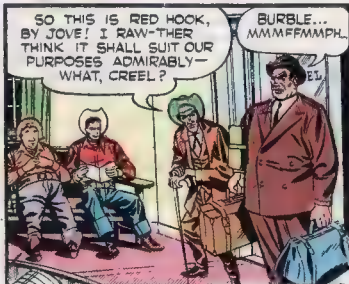
# The DURANGO KID

"THE COUNT" WAS A MASTER-MIND! HE HAD HIS BRUTAL CRIMES PLANNED DOWN TO THE LAST BLOOD-SOAKED DETAIL! HE WAS CLEVER!—BRILLIANT!—DIABOLIC! BUT HE FORGOT ONE THING. THAT WAS THE THING THAT ONLY **THE DURANGO KID** COULD TEACH HIM—  
THAT

"Smart  
Hombres Die  
Dumb!"



ONE DAY, AS STEVE BRAND AND MULE PIKE LOUNGE IN THE FOYER OF THE RED HOOK HOTEL...

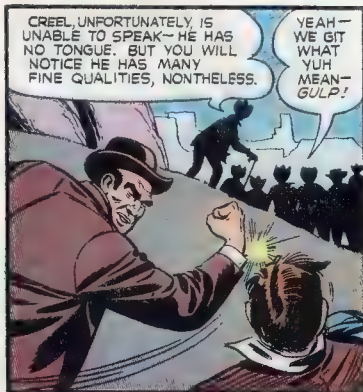
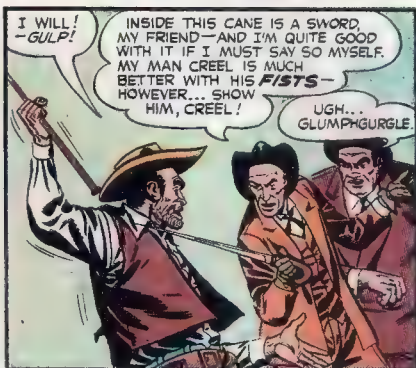
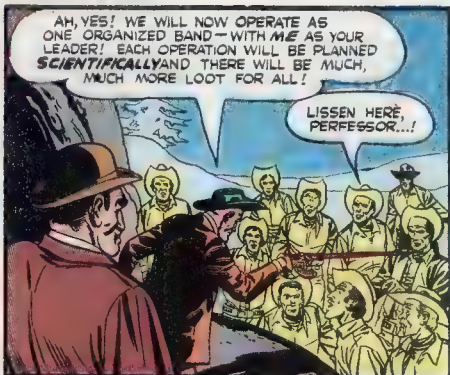
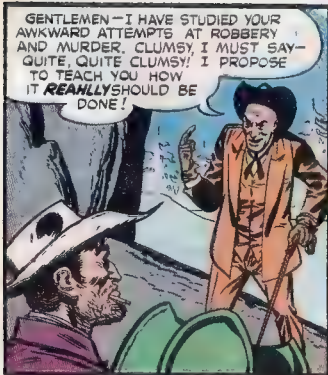


A FEW DAYS LATER—IN THE DEEP WOODS NOT FAR FROM TOWN...

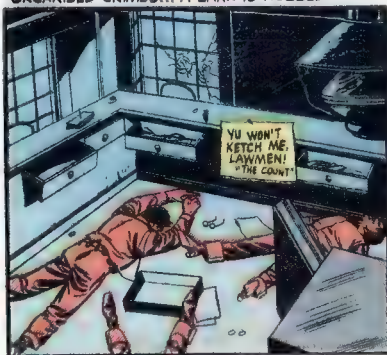




# THE DURANGO KID



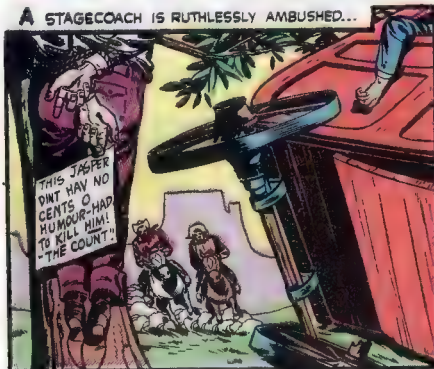
THERE FOLLOWS A SERIES OF BRILLIANTLY ORGANIZED CRIMES... A BANK IS ROBBED—



A FARMER'S HOUSE IS LOOTED—



A STAGECOACH IS RUTHLESSLY AMBUSHED...



TOO LATE AG'IN! ANOTHER ONE O' THUH "COUNT'S" CRIMES! HE SHORE PLANS 'EM RIGHT, THET MURDERIN' SKUNK!

HE LEFT A NOTE AGAIN! WHOEVER 'THE COUNT' IS, HE'S SURE CONCEITED!



HE'S CONCEITED ALL RIGHT— BUT HE SHORE CAN'T SPELL!

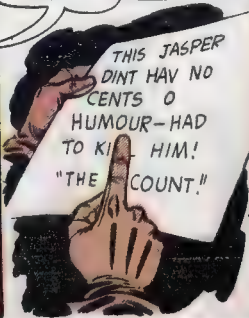
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. MY HUNCH IS THAT THIS MIS- SPELLING IS ON PURPOSE! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS LAST NOTE...

TAKE THIS WORD "HUMOUR"! IT'S SPELLED CORRECTLY— BUT THE WAY THE **BRITISH** SPELL IT. **WE** END IT IN "OR"...

THIS JASPER DINT HAV NO CENTS O HUMOUR—HAD TO KILL HIM! "THE COUNT."

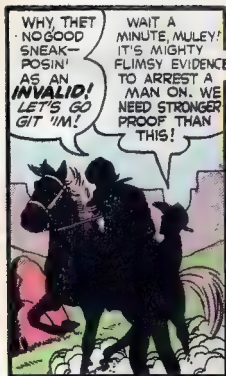
BRITISH?... HOLLINGSLEY?... HOLLINGSLEY...!

HOLLINGSLEY— OF COURSE!



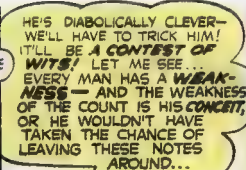


# THE DURANGO KID



WHY, THEN NO GOOD SNEAK-POSIN' AS AN **INVALID!** LET'S GO GIT 'IM!

WAIT A MINUTE, MULEY! IT'S MIGHTY FLIMSY EVIDENCE TO ARREST A MAN ON. WE NEED STRONGER PROOF THAN THIS!



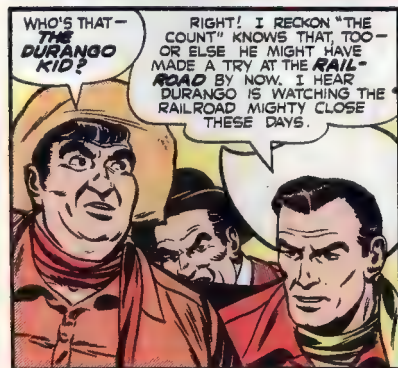
HE'S DIABOLICALLY CLEVER— WE'LL HAVE TO TRICK HIM! IT'LL BE A **CONTEST OF WITS!** LET ME SEE... EVERY MAN HAS A **WEAKNESS**— AND THE WEAKNESS OF THE COUNT IS HIS **CONCETT!** OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE CHANCE OF LEAVING THESE NOTES AROUND...



THAT NIGHT, IN THE LOUNGE OF THE RED HOOK HOTEL...

YUM KNOW, STEVE— Y'GOTTA HAND IT TUH "THE COUNT"! HE'S GOT THUH LAW HOPPIN: HE'S **SMART**, ALL RIGHT!

YES, I RECKON THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER MAN AROUND HERE WHO'S EVEN **SMARTER** THAN "THE COUNT"!



WHO'S THAT— **THE DURANGO KID?**

RIGHT! I RECKON "THE COUNT" KNOWS THAT, TOO— OR ELSE HE MIGHT HAVE MADE A TRY AT THE **RAILROAD** BY NOW. I HEAR DURANGO IS WATCHING THE RAILROAD MIGHTY CLOSE THESE DAYS.

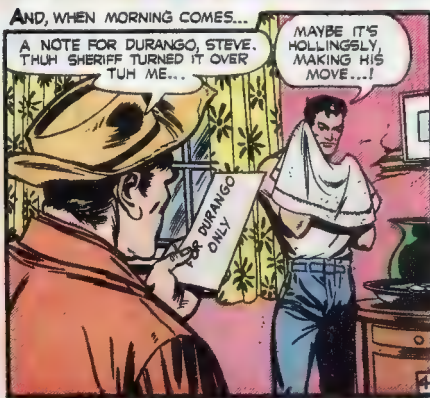


YEP, "THE COUNT'S" **SMART** ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT AS **SMART** AS DURANGO— AND HE KNOWS IT, I'LL BET.

HHMMMMMM...



LATER—THAT NIGHT...

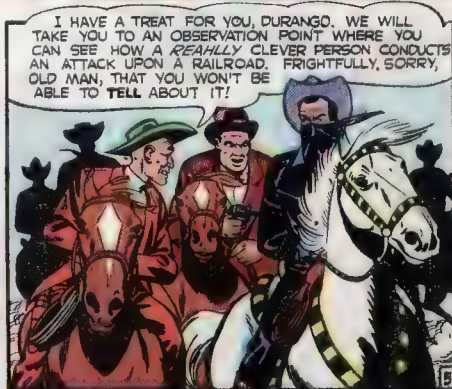
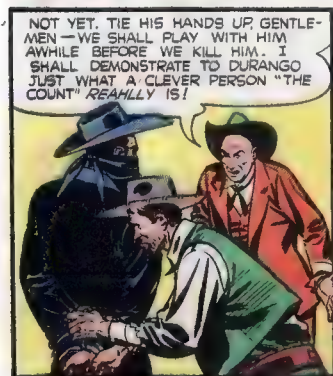
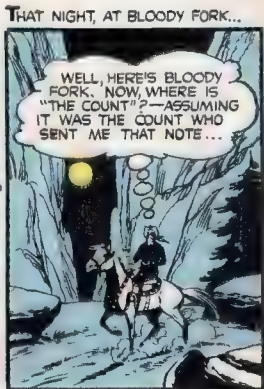
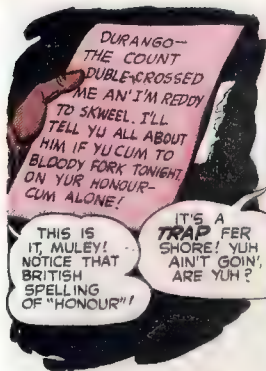


AND, WHEN MORNING COMES...

A NOTE FOR DURANGO, STEVE. THUH SHERIFF TURNED IT OVER TUH ME...

MAYBE IT'S HOLLINGSLY, MAKING HIS MOVE...!

# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN—TO YOUR APPOINTED PLACES! MY MAN CREEL AND I WILL BE ABLE TO HANDLE DURANGO.

RIGHT, BOSS.

ONCE UPON A TIME, MY FRIEND, YOUR CLUMSY OWLHOOTS BLOCKED A TRAIN BY PUTTING AN OBSTACLE ACROSS THE TRACKS. THEN THEY HAD TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH BARRICADED PASSENGERS. BUT I WORK SCIENTIFICALLY...

OBSERVE, DURANGO. ONE OF MY MEN IS IN THAT TREE OVER THE TRACKS. HE HAS A CHEMICAL OF MY OWN CONCOCTION—WHICH HE WILL DROP INTO THE SMOKESTACK OF THE LOCOMOTIVE...



THIS CHEMICAL CAUSES FOUL-SMELLING FUMES AND SMOKE TO POUR FORTH. THIS WILL BRING THE TRAIN TO A STOP: THE PASSENGERS, OVERCOME BY FUMES, WILL POUR OUT OF THE TRAIN INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF MY OWLHOOTS...



IF YOU LOOK CLOSER, HOLLINGSLEY, YOU WILL SEE NO ORDINARY PASSENGERS ON THAT TRAIN. THOSE ARE **SOLDIERS!**

HUNDREDS OF THEM! MY MEN ARE **TRAPPED!** I DON'T UNDERSTAND—WHAT—WHAT HAPPENED...?

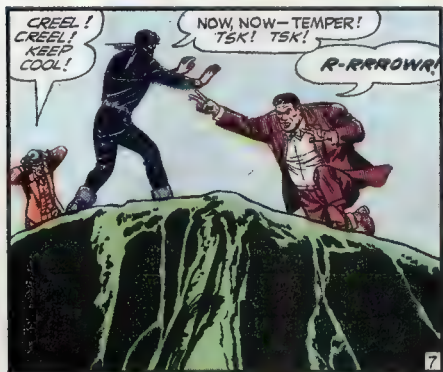
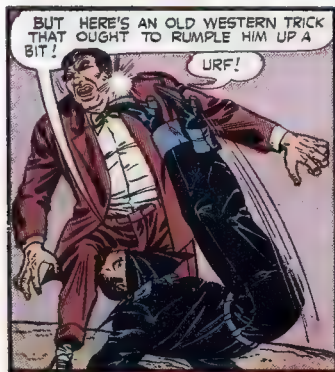
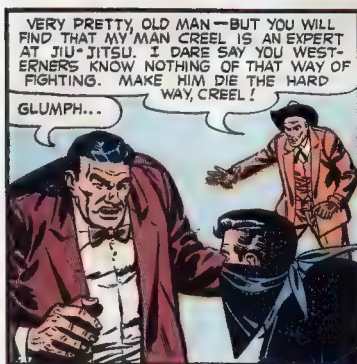
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO TALK, HOLLINGSLEY. I COUNTED ON YOUR VANITY TO TRICK YOU. MY AGENTS, STEVE AND MULEY, PLANTED THE IDEA OF CHALLENGING ME AND ATTACKING THE RAILROAD. I KNEW **YOU** COULDN'T RESIST THAT IDEA...



YES, I WALKED RIGHT INTO WHAT I KNEW WAS A TRAP AT BLOODY FORK. I LET MYSELF BE CAPTURED. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME RIGHT AWAY—I FIGURED YOU WERE VAIN ENOUGH TO WANT TO PLAY WITH ME FIRST, TO SHOW OFF...

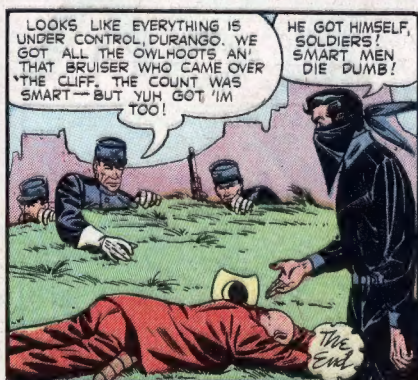
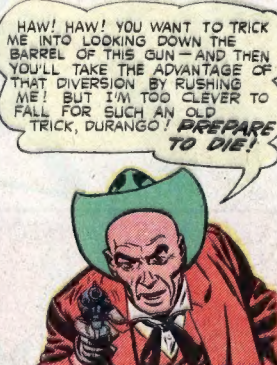
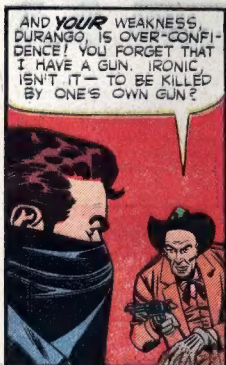


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



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# BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

J. E. SMITH, Pres.  
National Radio  
Institute

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## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Testers you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

## I Will Train You at Home Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

**YOU BUILD** this modern Radio (shown) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts—speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

**YOU MEASURE** current, voltage (AC, DC and RF) resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (shown) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

**YOU BUILD** this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures, model of Broadcast Station operator, make many practical tests.

**YOU BUILD** this Waveometer (shown) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of service and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.

**Now! Advanced Television Practice**

Now, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition color television sets with highest power supply, applicable TV set, many other parts. You will receive complete TV practice material, including TV practice manual and correcting for faults, diagrams and pictures.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At last to just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

**Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE**

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lessons on Servicing, shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postcard. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 2AK4, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C. Our 38th year.

## Good for Both—FREE

**Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2AK4  
National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.**

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